

Petty Wage

Swingin' Utters

I've said and once too often, some things I'd never say again. in streams of thoughts unbroken I
fish for a few good men
Sundays and holidays and twelve hours straight no pay for bloody hands and believe me they
pay a petty wage
my poor self pity speaks with sobbing, mumbled words strewn with the awful taste of bad,
cowardly prose
I'd take some time to get my posture set straight if I had the chance I'd break and subdue the
scheming hands of fate.
Wrap up your limp red mass of knuckles and fingertips it's fighting time and time to battle with
your wits, time to spit back when you're spit upon, when you're left for head. time to hit the
road when the road you're on had run out of tricks
And I don't want your Sundays & holidays of twelve hours straight no pay for bloody hands, no
I don't want your fucking petty wage!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>